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SKYLINE TRAIL



No. 59

JUNE

1951



Here's How to Become a Skyline Trail Hiker!

Who are the Trail Hikers?

The Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent group of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a five-day camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise in Alberta.

What are their principal aims?

Among their principal aims are the encouragement of hiking over Rocky Mountain trails, the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already existing, the preservation of our national parks, and co-operating with other organizations with similar aims.

Can I become a member?

You or anybody else can join the hikers at any time you wish. Membership is open to all — irrespective of sex, age, color, creed or profession. We welcome new members to our organization.

What are the requirements?

To become a full-fledged member it is necessary to have accumulated a minimum of 25 miles' hiking on Rocky Mountain trails. This is usually acquired by most hikers at their first five-day camp. Annual membership fee is one dollar.

Is climbing experience necessary?

The answer is no. We are not mountain climbers; we do not scale cliffs with ropes and crampons. We are walkers of the uphill and downdale type. The hikes are not strenuous and can be enjoyed by anyone who likes a good walk with a side order of spectacular mountain scenery.

How do I join the annual hike?

To join the annual hike send your application to the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers

of the Canadian Rockies, Room 284, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., Canada, accompanied by a five-dollar deposit. Your deposit will be refunded if you alter your plans on or before July 1.

What is the total fee?

Total cost of the hike is \$35.00. This includes tepee accommodation for five days, meals in camp and gratuities. All services in camp are provided by the outfitter and staff at no extra cost to the trail hikers. This includes the cutting of firewood and spruce boughs for tepee use.

Sleeping bags can be rented for \$5.00 each for the camp's duration. Rubber ground sheets and blankets are provided at no cost where these are required.

When are the hikes held?

The hikers usually hold their annual camp over the last week-end in July or the first in August. This year the dates are Saturday, July 28 to Wednesday, August 1, inclusive.

How are camps set up?

Camps are made up of Indian tepees, constructed and decorated by the Stoney Indians who have a reservation at nearby Morley. The tepees are equipped with vents so as to permit the lighting of fires inside when nights are cool. Three to four hikers can share a tepee in comfort.

Can I keep pace with the vets?

You don't need to. At the start of each day's hike, members are divided into groups according to their experience, their scenic tastes and the amount of hiking they wish to accomplish. Each group has an experienced guide to lead the way.

Well, what am I waiting for?

Nothing at all. Send in your application!



Scenes like this will be repeated—complete with smiles—at our nightly campfire singings this summer. And thanks to our new “donut” enclosure we can even do our singing in the rain—if necessary. Above scene was photographed at last year’s camp.

CAMP NEAR WOLVERINE PASS

New Horizons For 'Fifty-One

by E. P. HOLMES

GREETINGS, fellow hikers! Once again we're getting ready to enjoy our favorite outing in our favorite mountains. At the time of writing our 19th annual hike is only two months off—and those two months will pass quickly.

For this year's hike our trail committee has selected a territory lying to the west and south of Marble Canyon on the Banff-Windermere highway. As in previous years our jumping-off place will be Banff from which point we will be transported by bus to a point about a mile past Marble Canyon camp.

From here we cross the Vermilion River, near Ochre Spring, and proceed up Ochre Creek to its junction with Tumbling Creek, approximately two miles from our starting point. We proceed thence upward along Tumbling Creek for a distance of approximately three miles and then on to our campsite on the Tumbling Creek meadows, a total hike of about six miles.

The writer hopes there may be found a suitable campsite at the foot of Tumbling Creek Falls. The sound of falling water is so soothing to ragged nerves and also serves as an incentive to sound slumber on those pungent springy spruce boughs.

Though the exact campsite has not yet been determined by the outfitter we do know we will be within easy reach of the falls and Tumbling Glacier, while Wolverine Pass will be no great distance from camp. From the latter point which, by the way, marks the Kootenay Park border, we can obtain a good view of Washmawapta snowfield lying to the northwest of the Rock Wall.

Wolverine Pass lies between Mt. Drysdale on the north and Mt. Gray on the south, at an elevation well over 7,000 feet. Mt. Drysdale and Mt. Gray are well over 9,000 ft. in elevation. To the northwest Helmet Mountain, 10,297 ft., rears its lofty head. And looking back toward the east, we can see Storm Mountain and all the Mt. Ball (10,865 ft.) group of peaks, a truly imposing vista.

The alpine flora of this region is particularly famous and will be in all its glory during hike time. And I nearly forgot to mention that this area is the home of numerous herds of mountain goats, small points horns, plus-fours, and all the trimmings. Hope they'll be in sociable mood so we can get acquainted.

This will be new hiking territory for most of us and we'll all want to explore it as thoroughly as possible.

Remember The Dates • July 28th - August 1st



MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!



High Spots On The Skyline Trail

● A trip with the Skyline Hikers offers those wishing to scramble about on a more vigorous scale the chance of ascending some of the less difficult peaks and buttresses, that offer rewarding views. Here a fellow hiker and climber describes just such a sortie enjoyed during last year's hike.

by GUY M. EVERETT

THE perfect weather and previous heavy snowfall added up to superb scenery for hikers who followed the skyline trails of 1950.

Although our group did not make the long trek to Marvel Pass as originally planned, we had some splendid views of the pass from across the valley. This beautiful alpine area, with its meadows and many small lakes, was well worth a visit, but proved too long a hike from our Bryant Creek camp.

By leaving the trail high on Wonder Pass we scrambled over the boulders and meadows to a vantage point for views of Mt. Assiniboine and Mt. Eon. The latter tower-like peak was first climbed by Dr. Stone who, only a few moments after reaching the summit, slipped and fell to his death. His wife was unable to negotiate the descent alone and was finally rescued five days later by Swiss guides from Lake Louise. Remote and difficult, Mt. Eon has since been climbed a few times, but most of us will be satisfied to see its sky-piercing spire from across the valley.

Looming up from the west side of camp were some rock faces which are buttresses of the Mt. Cantley massive. Like many mountains in this area, it is a writing-desk type and in contrast to the steep northeast cliffs, the southwest side is a huge scree and shale slope. Two of us decided to ascend this peak (9,200 feet) for the view.

The first 1,500 feet of the climb was particularly interesting because of the array of innumerable varieties and colors of the flowers on the

gently rising alplands. This finally gave way to the laborious trudge up the scree and shales lopes. The final summit was reached by following a sweeping curve that formed a cirque and fell off sharply to a shadowed snow field. There was a huge cairn at the top which contained, among other items, a tube of sunburn cream and empty beer bottles.

The cliffs on the northeast fell away in tiers and concealed our tepee camp from view. This

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**Opportunities for equally exciting ascents should present themselves to more ambitious hikers at this year's camp. Just take a peek at map (pp. 14-15) and you'll see what we mean.**  
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particular slope is a favorite with skiers in winter. Across the valley Mt. Assiniboine dominated the scene. The view was exceptional, with both peaks looming near at hand and others, including Mt. Ball and Mt. Temple, far in the distance.

By staging a diversity of hikes, long and short, arduous and easy—the hikers now have something to suit everybody. The program also offers those wishing to scramble about on a more vigorous scale the chance of ascending some of the less difficult peaks and buttresses that offer rewarding views.

It is hard to imagine a more satisfying method of getting acquainted with the mountain wilderness than a jaunt with the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

Happy hikers return Old Sol's smile during one of the sunny days we enjoyed last summer. It's the kind of day—and the kind of smiles—we also look forward to at this year's camp. President Caroline Hinman is shown with the group, third from right.

(Connie Plommer)





Victuals seem doubly appetizing after that long trek from Bryant Creek Meadows camp to Mt. Assiniboine Lodge. Among those in photo are Eileen Wayne, Mrs. G.A. Doeller, Anne Fallis, Clarence Richards, Doreen Dunn, Audrey Patterson, Miss M. Helmsley, and G.A. Doeller.

(Sandy Somerville)

The Duffle Bag

by FUZZY & WUZZY

We take time out to welcome another potential recruit to our hiker ranks—Bonnie Alice, born last November to Hikers Charlie and Dixie Lovell. We also congratulate Charlie and Dixie on the original manner in which they announced the arrival—a cherubic face breaking through the columns of a newspaper. It was captioned “Breaking into Print”.

* * *

What to do? We are faced with the possibility of losing our inimitable emcee Jeannie Stewart—at least for this year's singsongs. Jeannie is at present employed with the Canadian Government Travel Bureau in New York. At press time, we still wonder if Jean can obtain a trail hike furlough.

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We regret that a revised publication schedule and resulting limited space have forced us to hold over several notable contributions until the Fall issue. These include a number of fine features, all well worth waiting for. We know the authors will understand.

* * *

Ron Duke of Banff will be our camera-toting trail photographer this summer in the absence of Bill Round, now attached to the Alberta Travel Bureau in Edmonton. As much at home on the trails as he is in his dark room, Ron is out for a pictorial record of this year's hike—for you and the Bulletin.

Look Smart! Be Smart! Wear a Trail Hike Pin

* * *

— Don't look now, but there's a vacancy in your lapel!

If this applies to you, and you're getting tired of that monotonous stretch of tweed, why not brighten it up with a trail hike button? You will not only look better yourself but you will be helping to advertise our good old hiking club.

Fortunately we have a liberal supply of Trail Hiker pins in the club stores. And to quote your favorite salesman they come in two colors—red hiker boot on light blue background and yellow boot on dark blue background—all this and a file of hikers in the background.

The pins—of enamel-on-gold construction—are equipped with screw-cap for lapels or brooch style for the ladies. And they still sell for the pre-inflation price of \$3.50 each (Canadian funds) postage paid.

If you have hiked a minimum of 25 miles on specified areas of the Rockies, you are entitled to wear our button. If you can't attend this year's hike, wear a button and we'll know you're thinking of us.

* * *

Applications are steadily gaining momentum as the big day comes nearer and nearer. We're glad to see many former hikers planning a comeback, as well as the large number of newcomers signing up. Applications have come from as far as Havana, Cuba.

By Way of Comparison

by DES GABOR

HOW do Canadian mountains compare with Swiss mountains?"

This question was one that was frequently asked me at our last summer's hike camp, located as it was, not far from Mount Assiniboine, itself frequently referred to as the Matterhorn of Canada. By replying to the question in this magazine, we may help to eliminate some of the man-made differences where they may exist to this country's disadvantage.

The similarity of Canadian and Swiss mountain scenery is sometimes surprising. Mt. Assiniboine's resemblance to the Matterhorn is only one of many examples. Moreover, Canada has numerous mountain areas that would rate as top

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● **Vast system of shelters, complete with food service, makes hiking and mountain climbing simpler, cheaper and more pleasant for Swiss alpinists. In this respect, says writer, Canada lags behind.**  
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attractions in Switzerland. Some of these, like Mount Assiniboine, are much less appreciated than they deserve to be.

Where Canada lags noticeably behind Switzerland is in facilities for mountain-climbing. Canada has very few shelter cabins. It has almost as many good trails as Switzerland, but the trail system in Canada is not yet complemented by a system of shelters, as it is in Switzerland.

This is in no way a reflection on the authorities or organizations. The Canadian Alps were opened to civilization 65 years ago, the Swiss Alps more than 1,000 years ago. The Canadian Alps were practically unknown wilderness before the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, therefore Canada could not possibly have achieved in 65 years what Switzerland has achieved in Centuries.

The Swiss Alpine Club owns and maintains 140 chalets or huts; almost all of them have a permanent caretaker and food service in summer. The Alpine Club of Canada has nine chalets and most of them without caretaker or food service. The chalets of the Swiss Alpine Club are open to every hiker. The Alpine Club of Canada does not

encourage the use of their cabins to non-members, if not accompanied by members.

The Canadian Pacific Railway and others maintain a few additional chalets and tea houses. These are however, luxury accommodations compared with most of the Swiss chalets.

Simple Swiss-type chalets are still most urgently needed even in the best frequented Canadian mountains. It is, for instance, unfortunate that sleeping accommodation is not provided in Paradise Valley, half-way to Moraine Lake from Lake Louise.

We have to take into consideration, of course, that the Alpine Club of Canada with its 800 members can hardly match the achievements of the Swiss Alpine Club which has 35,000 paying members.

The vast system of shelters with food service make hiking and mountain climbing easier, simpler and cheaper, and therefore more accessible to everyone in Switzerland. In Canada one can hardly avoid taking a pack horse when climbing or hiking in a region which is not near the highway.

The hiker or mountain climber in Switzerland never needs to carry a sleeping bag or much food. Everywhere in the Alpine regions of Switzerland after a day's walk one can find a hut even in the highest altitudes. There are four huts above 9,000 feet altitude on the Matterhorn, two on the Swiss side and two on the Italian side. There is a chalet on the Monte Rosa at the 14,964 ft. level; another, on Mont Blanc at 14,311 feet altitude. All these shelters have regular food service and have a permanent caretaker in summer.

The necessity of carrying sleeping bags, tent and food in most of the less frequented regions of Canada accounts for there being far more trail riders than trail hikers in Canada. In Switzerland there is barely one trail rider for every 100 trail hikers.

There is also a difference between Switzerland and Canada in trail-less hiking. Walking without a trail below the timberline in Canada is difficult and very tiresome on account of the fallen wood. As there is no oil or coal in Switzerland, fallen wood has value because they use the wood as

● *Hikers are reminded that August 1st is deadline for payment of 1951 membership dues. Inasmuch as these funds are required to help meet current expenses, all members are requested to attend to this little duty before the deadline expires.*

fuel. Some people readily collect the fallen wood to heat their homes, leaving the forests that much cleaner.

This makes hiking without a trail (though with frequent marks on trees showing the direction) easier in Switzerland than in Canada and in some regions even eliminates the necessity of well maintained trails. Aside from the climate, this may be one of the reasons why there are less forest fires in Switzerland than in Canada. Dry dead-wood near the trails start most of the forest fires.

There are of course people who just on account of these differences prefer the Canadian mountains. For the chalets like every other sign of civilization means an intrusion into the virgin beauty of nature, and they would not consider it a gain if the more secluded spots of the mountains should be opened to too many people. In this respect they are not entirely wrong.

In the present age of rapid transportation, however, Banff is only a short trip from anywhere in North America. Visitors to the Canadian Rockies are bound to multiply within the next few years, with a corresponding increase in hikers. This may make chalets self-supporting and profitable—as most are in Switzerland.

Bookshelves Enriched by Two Prominent Members

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In this issue we salute two of our members for contributions to the literary world. Those concerned are Dr. John Murray Gibbon, honorary vice-president of the hikers, and Lt.-Col. P.A. Moore, a life member and past president.

"The Romance of the Canadian Canoe" by Dr. Gibbon portrays the role played by this humble craft in this country's development. The author traces the story of discovery and exploration, of trade and commerce, war and peace, and course in a vivid fashion.

"The Lords of the Lakes and Forests" by Col. Moore portrays in colorful fashion the everyday life of an early fur trader from the start of his career with the trading company until his retirement. The book, as the author points out is not for sale but written "solely for the information of my friends, and I hope for their enjoyment." He succeeds on both counts.



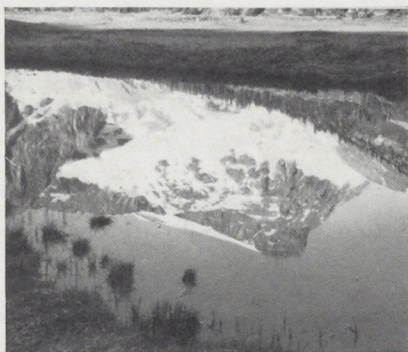
(F.W.E. Round)

This scene should make all readers feel like biting those old trails again! If you were present on last year's hike you'll remember the scene. If not, we'll draw your attention to Ptarmigan Glacier and Peak which form the impressive backdrop. And that's Sydney Vallance leading the contingent.

Between Ourselves



Sheep—not goats



Right side up—now!

● An orchid from the editor to a keen-eyed reader for his helpful lesson in zoology—even though it did arrive too late. The lesson: Grazing animals in picture (page 12, November Bulletin) are sheep not goats. Thanks! We'll know better next time.

We also congratulate Charlie Lovell for the fine piece of photography appearing above—this time right side up. In the last issue it had everyone fooled—including the printers. Result: It was printed upside down. Frankly we think it looks good both ways.

* * *

The editor invites all hikers to submit any photos, articles, or news items, they feel would be of interest to our fellow members. Where requested all such material will be returned to sender as soon as possible after publication.

Trail Hike Table To Get "New Look"

This year will mark a new trend in the house-keeping department. Gone are the enamel cups dishes that have held steaming black java and sirup-smothered flapjacks for hungry hikers in the past.

This summer we'll still have the steaming java and the sumptuous flapjacks. But their setting will be more glamorous. Plastic cups and dishes, in a variety of colors, will replace the not-so-glamorous enamelware, while stainless steel cutlery will take the place of last year's eating accessories.

These improvements should inject an extra sweet note to the "Come and get it" call and we salute our outfitter for effecting this improvement, along with others in the pots-and-pans department.

● If it makes music, bring it along! That's our plea to all you '51 members who can classify yourselves as melody-makers. Musicians—good or bad, young or old—are always in demand on the trail and in camp. Bring that zither, kazoo or what-have-you along and be convinced!

A Timely Warning

The British Columbia Government has just completed a wonderful road through the southern part of the Province, called the Hope-Princeton Highway. This road passes through Manning Park and through a very fine stand of Cedar.

As you drive along you suddenly come to desolation, in the form of burned timber. The Public Works Department has erected there a large sign which reads, "Some careless camper made this look like h...". Farther on, another sign, reads: "The guy should have been hanged" and beside this, a gallows, and hanging in chains a large cigarette about six feet long.

While walking along the trail to camp last year, a pack train passed me, and about 20 feet ahead of me the cowboy jumped off his horse and picked up a lighted cigarette thrown into the brush by some very careless person. I hope it wasn't one of our gang. So Hikers, please make sure your cigarette is out, and thus keep our record clean with the Park officials. It will also make life easier for our very good friends, the Wardens.

G. C. Martin

Alarm on Gibraltar Peak

by Albert H. Beiler

EVEN the most ardent lover of mountains is occasionally assailed by fear of them. Such fear can swoop swiftly to assail the spirit and well nigh create panic in the stoutest heart. At one moment the peaks are lovely and inviting with the perennial lure to seek their crest; the next they seem to lurk silently, ready to pounce at the first unguarded move. In a moment their benign and placid beauty becomes a sinister and implacable menace—lowering, lying in wait, slowly stalking their prey. Some people feeling this menace will always shun mountains. To them the bare craggy slopes above timber are a dead world threatening death to its invaders.

On Wednesday, August 2, 1950, a number of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, who had been eying Gibraltar Peak appraisingly during the few days they had been at Bryant Camp, decided to explore the mountain on this, their last day at camp. Tentative discussions had been held the night before and eight hardy adventurers had agreed to make the climb next day. In the cold pitiless dawn of the morning after, the eight had dwindled to five. Soon urgent business elsewhere had reduced the number to three. One of these had to decline reluctantly because his pal couldn't go. That left a young lady and your correspondent. In one swift glance of feminine appraisal she apparently decided that youth and eligibility in one's companion were all important desiderata, were one to be, say, marooned on a mountain top. And so, like the little Indians, then there was one.

I had planned an attack on a seemingly easy slope down the valley in the direction of the ranger's cabin, but enroute saw an interesting

waterfall tumbling from Gibraltar and decided to follow it instead. Crossing Bryant Creek I entered a pine thicket and was soon climbing along the little stream. Though steep, the going was easy. Shortly the creek valley and camp tepees came into view far below. I had started at 9:20 and exactly an hour and a half later I arrived at the source of the waterfall—a delightful little lake cupped in the side of the mountain.

Ahead lay a pass. To the left a steep slide skirted the face of the mountain with snow higher up. I took the latter route and headed for the snow to avoid the difficult going on the slide. The snow was harder than I expected—much harder than it had been in Abbot and Opabin Passes two weeks before. After the ice ax had barely saved me from a slip. I quickly gave up the snow and climbed into the space between the side of the mountain and the snow. I think mountaineers call this a "Bergschrund."

For a while going was easy; I was protected by the side of the mountain on my right and a 3 foot high snow embankment on my left, leaving a path about 2 feet wide. But of course this was no graded path and in spots I was 10 or 15 feet below the top of the embankment in an eerie snow tunnel that blew a chill though refreshing breath from its depths.

Visions of what could happen should I lose my footing here and tumble into a crevasse caused me hastily to seek an exit. I had no desire to become a well-preserved specimen for future savants to ponder over; I was quite content to leave that role to mammoths in other climes. No one at camp would look for me here; I was expected to be climbing farther down the valley. I could not get out of the Bergschrund the moment I decided to leave it; it was necessary to continue on until I was high enough to climb over. The rock was wet and slippery and I moved slowly and with considerable caution—very necessary when travelling alone. The ice ax was a great help.

(continued on page 11)



A. H. Beiler

● How does it feel to be marooned on a lone lofty summit that offers no conceivable prospect of descent? The accompanying article by Hiker Albert H. Beiler of Brooklyn, N.Y., who experienced just such a nightmare last summer, tells how he felt about it. And it's not a pleasant feeling either.

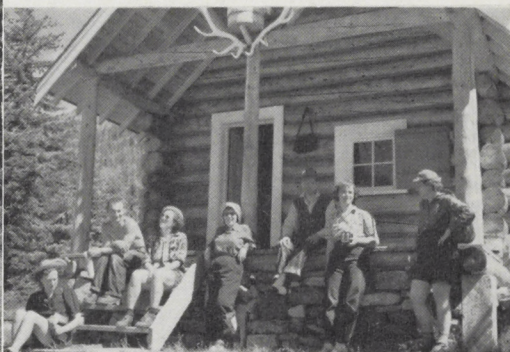


(E.P. Holmes)

Gibraltar and Cascade Rock

LEISURELY STOP-OVER AT WARDEN'S CABIN

(Gwen Wright)



Warden Jack Romanson's attractive lodge at Bryant Creek Meadows was a popular objective for bikers whose tepee camp lay only some two miles distant.

Above scenes show how quickly bikers made themselves at home once they were on the premises. Warden Romanson's ingenious fountain, is seen in photo at left.

ALARM ON GIBRALTAR PEAK

(continued from page 9)

After what seemed an eternity I stuck my nose over the edge of the embankment and breathed easily again. It was only the edge of a Bergschlund and not the safest place in the world but at the moment it was very welcome. I gingerly kicked my way across a second snow patch and stopped on a small ledge. An hour had passed since I had rested at the lake although it seemed much longer. I took pictures, ate lunch and basked in the sunshine. The tepees were now tiny white specks far below and a serpentine Bryant Creek wound its way leisurely to its rendezvous with the Spray. I was at peace with the world. It was now 12:45 p.m. I had had enough. Time to go back—back to the safety and shelter of the camp. By one o'clock—only 15 minutes later—I was again at the little lake. And there fate decreed that I meet the "goat path".

I doubt if goats made it but it was obviously a path and it led upward only 10 feet from where I had just descended. I looked at it uncertainly and then down at the tepees. Irresolution. Hesitation. Then I started up the path. It was only a foot wide and consisted mostly of imagination and a faint depression in the crumbling rock. But it was undeniably a path. It wound upward and around the crag and I followed it eagerly for 15 minutes. Abruptly it came to an end at the edge of a gulley.

I looked across—not a sign of a path on the other side. I looked down the gulley. Not there either. Then I looked upward. This time I thought I detected some slight excuse for a trail. Subsequent events proved that this must have been illusion of the purest sort. It was at a considerable pitch and in less than three minutes not even the most vivid imagination could have seen

a trail here. I continued climbing because I couldn't bring myself to think of going down. The hand and foot-holds were still good but not for long. Soon it became clear that it would be wise to stop and survey the situation. At the Columbia Icefield, the week before, while lost in a labyrinth of crevasses, I had so paused and calmed my anxiety by stopping to take pictures.

I was on a steep incline of crumbling rock—about 60° I would estimate though one is inclined to exaggerate these angles. About 150 feet below was the end of the path. Above, Gibraltar Peak towered skyward, more remote and inaccessible even than from Bryant Creek. To right and left were just more rocks at the same steep slope, no bush or root, no tuft of grass or moss to hold on to. Far to my right were the battlements of Cascade Mountain, rugged, grey and romantic.

So far I had experienced no fear — just a slight irritation that my pleasant day's meandering should have suddenly become a problem.

Although I had readily climbed the 150 feet from the path I hesitated to climb back down and the absence of holds prevented my continuing upward. So I did the only thing that remained; I edged along horizontally about 20 feet to the left until I came to a steep narrow gulley about 18 inches wide—"a chimney" I suppose it would be called by mountaineers. Rock climbers take this sort of thing in stride; a common or garden variety of hiker like me suddenly bethought himself of the undeniable attractions at this moment of Times Square or even the Brooklyn-bound Lexington Ave. subway on a humid August day.

The chimney had shallow sides about 15 inches deep pitched at an angle of some 75°. However these sides gave one a slight sense of security and so I climbed upward confidently

(Continued on page 13)

HIKEPHOTO OF THE YEAR



THOUGH probably the most widely photographed of all peaks in our trail hike territory, Mt. Assiniboine always seems to have a few aces up its sleeve to surprise the photographer.

The view above, which has won Hiker Albert H. Beiler of Brooklyn, N.Y., this year's top prize, is an example of what can be done with the time-honored peak to make the most of its mood and setting.

Mr. Beiler, who submitted his entry under the nom-de-plume "Puskat" is to be congratulated for winning the first prize on his first year with the hikers. A check for \$15.00 has been mailed to the winning contestant.

Nor was it an easy task to select the winner from the unusually large number of entries submitted this year, many of these being photos of unusual merit.

Second and third prize honors were awarded respectively to Sandy Somerville of Edmonton, and F.H.W. Chanter of Nelson, B.C., whose entries appear on page 17. They have received checks for \$10.00 and \$5.00 respectively.

ALARM ON GIBRALTAR PEAK

(Continued from page 11)

but rapidly to get it over with as quickly as possible. The chimney was about 100 feet long—that is, high, and at its top there was no alternative but to traverse again to a second chimney farther left. This one was shorter and after another 50 foot climb it was necessary to make another traverse to a third chimney.

And now the trigger was finally released, and fear—icy, ponderous and devastating assailed me. I was alone on an exposed mountain face, far from help. Cascade Peak which, a few minutes before, had resembled an Arthurian Castle was now a cruel, soulless treacherous rampart in the distance. Everything around me was cruel and treacherous; the rock which was tearing my gloves to shreds, the loose stones which fell away underfoot, the hand-holds which broke off while testing them. There it was—the treacherous mountain, lying in wait—lying in wait to get me. For centuries and eons, Gibraltar Peak had stood here, waiting, waiting, silently and craftily, till a fool man—me in fact—had finally wandered unsuspectingly into its lair.

This third chimney seemed endless and at every step upward I prayed silently to God to help me out of this trouble. Far upward appeared a ledge that I optimistically hoped would lead to the summit or to a better way down. Up, up, I went my hands desperately holding to the sides of the narrow chute, my finger tips and knees bruised and scraped. Finally I reached the ledge. It was about 10 feet square. Above it the mountain rose almost perpendicularly offering no possibility of climbing further. At my left was a wide precipitous gulley, down which glacial melt was pouring noisily. No ascending or descending here. Even to reach the gulley would require a traverse with finger tip and toe holds.

I sat down. This was obviously the time to take stock of my situation with as much calmness as could be mustered under the circumstances. Instead of lighting the traditional cigarette to appear nonchalant, I took out the camera, leisurely adjusted the exposure meter and took a few shots. My mind thus diverted, I felt more able to cope with my predicament. Of one thing I was certain; it would be impossible—in fact nothing would induce me to descend the way I had come. But on the other hand going upward or sideways was now a physical impossibility because of the nature of the terrain. With one more person and a rope one might dare something but certainly not alone.

My faithful friend the ice ax stood upright, nearby. One becomes very much attached to inanimate objects taken along on the trail, particularly when they have been useful in danger. I

(Continued on page 25)

Around Our Camp



One of the more wearisome chores around camp—or anywhere else, for that matter—is packing and unpacking. Above: Hikers put the final touches on what appears to be a professional packing job.



Bea de Lacy, last year's president, enjoys a kingsized demi-tasse while companions stand by. Latter seem well pleased with their day on the trails.



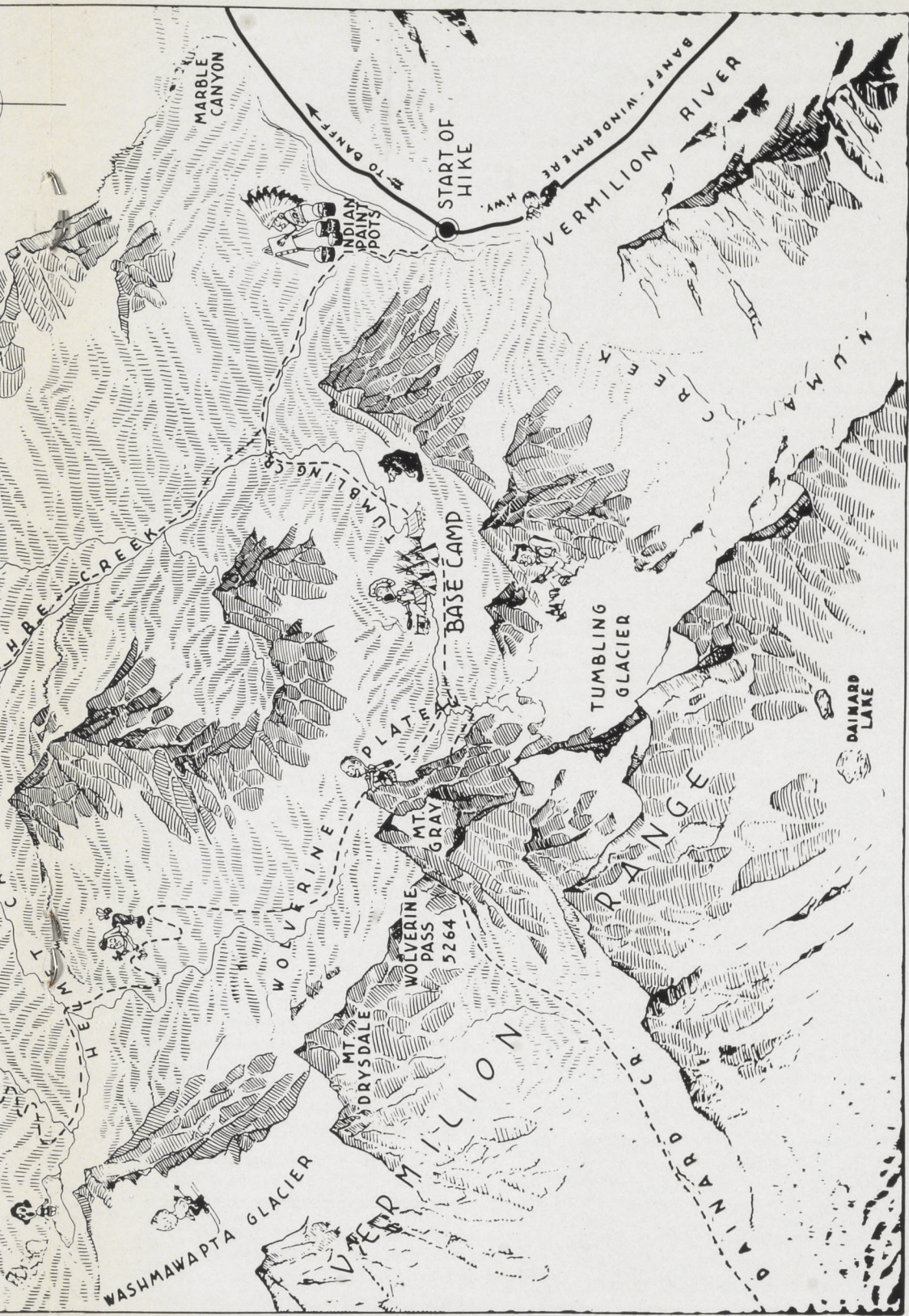
Jean Stewart and Lorne "Shorty" Moore test their dexterity in true outdoors style—with an axe as a medium. Such wacky forms of sport blossomed forth on numerous occasions.

(Photos by F.W.E. Round)



SKY LINE TRAIL HIKERS' 1951 CAMP





Like Topsy, It Just Grew - and Grew

From a small but enthusiastic nucleus of hiking enthusiasts formed in 1933 has developed an organization whose membership is drawn from practically every corner of the globe. This year the Skyline Trail Hikers will hold their 19th annual camp in the off-the-beaten-track areas of the Canadian Rockies.

by MARY WEEKES

THE day is just around the corner when Rocky Mountain hikers will be overhauling their outfits—denim pants, ten-gallon hats, leather jackets and sturdy footgear—and planning their walking tours. Even now a few enthusiasts are shaking out their knapsacks and challenging old hiking pals. "Are you taking the skyline trail this summer?"

After the hard winter which has been general across the country, the trails, sun-filled valleys and silver streams of the Canadian Rockies should appeal not only to veteran hikers but to holidayers in general. To city-sick folk the thought of leaving the general hub-hub, smoke, dust and noise should in itself be refreshing. To climb up and along the irregular mountain ridges, to watch dawn—clouds rimmed with a tremulous rosy fire—usher to life a new day, and to see eventide bathed in colors of iridescent hues, is an unforgettable experience.

Veteran hikers have an unconscious sort of slogan of great recruiting appeal. They will exclaim to the patient listener: "What better antidote is there for flabby muscles and weary minds than hiking?" And they are off on their favorite theme—hiking on the skyways of the Canadian Rockies.

No one can deny, nonetheless, the curative or recuperative value, or both, of walking whether it be in the city, up and down hills or in the majestic Rockies. For those who have the courage and stamina to defy the day-long, often upgrade, climbs generally prescribed by the elected hiking leader for the day, the reward is inexpressibly satisfying. Apart from the breath-taking panorama of snowy peaks and rippling streams that slash the mighty rocks, there is restfulness in the rust-colored mosses that cleave to tree trunks and stumps, in the pungent odors of pine and larch and hemlock, and in the quiet forests of green. A popular diversion for hikers too—should one be inclined to relax after a day of strenuous exertion—is fishing for trout in the well-stocked lakes that dot the mountain valleys.

Like Topsy, The Canadian Skyline Trail organization, just grew. Formed some 19 years ago, by Dr. John Murray Gibbon, it has expanded through the years into a mighty band of out-of-door-enthusiastic folk, and its membership is increased annually by hikers from the United States, as well as out-door disciples from farther afield, who meet yearly to walk on the skyways of the Rockies. These Rocky Mountain hikers include ardent and vivacious spirits of all ages, from babes of 15 or under to sedate grandmas and grandpas, as well as writers, artists, botanists, geologists, camera fans, fishermen, and the usual lot of jaded business folk who seek a pick-me-up for tired bodies and jittery nerves in the quiet of the Rockies; and each of these pilgrims seeks to secure from the grand and awe-inspiring walls of rocks some spiritual or artistic or healing reward.

Each year, the Skyline Hikers select a suitable spot for camp and from it they explore the adjacent valleys and peaks, led always by experienced hikers familiar with scenic trails, meadows where alpine flowers grow abundantly and where translucent lakes nestle in enfolding rocks. This year's campsite will be on Tumbling Creek Meadows—a beauty spot reached from the Banff Windermere highway.

At the end of a day of tramping and exciting adventure on the high trails in open country above the timberline there is always a crisp recounting of experiences, either in the teepees or round the camp fires. Usually there is a story teller in the party ready to refresh one's memory of the romantic conquest of the Rockies a century and a half ago.

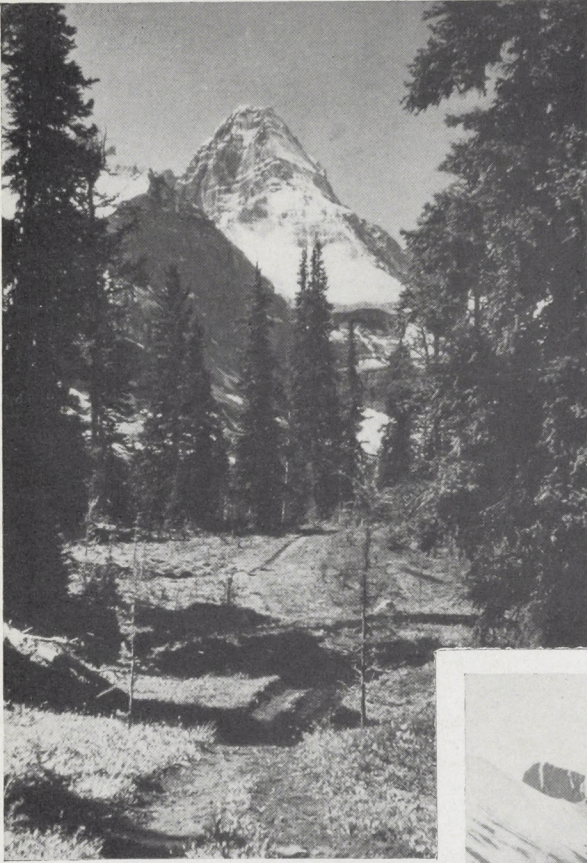
Often, the adventures of David Thompson, the greatest geographer the British race has produced, are recalled. He, who in the winter of 1787-1788, lived in the tent of the old Piegan Chief, Saukannappee, near the present site of Calgary, planned to enter the mountains by way of the Assiniboine trail, which began in the Bow River

(Continued on page 18)

● Skyline Hikers include ardent and vivacious spirits of all ages—from teen-agers to sedate grandmas and grandpas. Each

of these pilgrims seeks to secure from the grand and awe-inspiring walls of rock some spiritual or artistic or healing reward.

Runners-up In Hikephoto Contest



THIRD PRIZE: F.H.W. Chanter

"THE Wonder that is Marvel Lake" is the title of photo at right which wins for Sandy Somerville of Edmonton, Alta., the second prize of \$10.00. Entered under the name of "Hitch-Hiker" the photo was praised by the judges for its composition, clarity and lighting.

The scene shows Marvel Lake as viewed from Wonder Pass. Across the lake is Marvel Peak and behind it Mts. Byng and Aurora. Sandy has been winner on several occasions in the past and has always been a generous contributor to the Bulletin.



SECOND PRIZE: Sandy Somerville

PICKING the winners of this year's hikephoto contest was no cinch for the three judges involved. As usual, however, they delivered the goods, and we present here the two runners-up which at times threatened to nose out the winner (page 12) from leading position.

Photo at left, which wins third prize of \$5.00 for F.H.W. Chanter of Nelson, B.C., shows Mt. Assiniboine as viewed from trail on Assiniboine Pass. Submitted under the nom-de-plume "Tenderfoot", the photo was shuffled and reshuffled several times among the "Big Three" before verdict was announced.

LIKE TOPSY, IT JUST GREW

(Continued from page 16)

Valley in the Alberta foothills, crossed the mountain pass (Assiniboine) and led down to the Pacific, if he could persuade the wily old Piegan chief to permit him.

The fierce Assiniboines however, guarded their trail jealously. They had been driven by other tribes from their vast territory (Assiniboine), which comprised the country that now is southern Saskatchewan and Alberta, into the eastern slopes of the Rockies. Here they had found food and shelter and there in this retreat they were determined to hold out against all invaders. Therefore, when Saukannappee looked into young Thompson's transit, he called him Koo-koo-sint (the man who looks at stars) and told him to clear out. A man who could bring the stars to earth was too dangerous to entertain.

Some years later, however, in 1807, Thompson succeeded in entering the mountains by way of the North Saskatchewan river and surveyed the Columbia river to the Pacific. This and tales of other bold explorers of long ago one hears about trail camp fires. There is a kinship at these gatherings in the high Rockies that is refreshing to the spirit—an atmosphere that induces hikers to dreamless sleep (when they depart to rest) under the stars.

Many hikers remain after their skyline trips to climb the lower peaks around Banff, especially the easier mountains—Stony Squaw, Tunnel and Sulphur—and Beehive and Saddle Back towards Lake Louise. The ascent of these peaks is neither too difficult nor too dangerous for novices. The time of year chosen by the hikers is generally late July and early August. This is usually the season of the fairest weather, as well as the most popular holiday time. With new members joining the happy gang of hikers each year to explore the skylines of the mighty Rockies, the Skyline Trail organization, like Topsy, continues to grow.

* * *

The Egg and I

A tourist was introduced to an Indian with a reputedly perfect memory. Skeptical, the tourist asked: "What did you have for a breakfast on October 4, 1913?" The Indian answered, "eggs." The man scoffed, "Everyone eats eggs for breakfast. He's a fraud."

Eight years later the traveler's train stopped again at the same station and he saw the same Indian lounging on the platform. The tourist went up to him and said jovially, "How!"

The Indian answered, "Scrambled."



Hikers adopt appropriate styles for rainy weather that followed us from camp to trailhead at Spray Lakes. Several hikers did not fare so fortunately on those last drizzly miles!

A Hiker's Reverie

by EVELYN BOYD

The night is cold, the snow is deep,
And I am snug at home,
But I'm not cornered by four walls
And with my mind I roam.

I hike again o'er upland trails.
This time I don't get tired
As I review that waterfall
I only feel inspired.

No longer weary at each step
I think of mountain pools
Found miles beyond the beaten track
And only seen by fools

Who dressed to walk for many leagues
Follow the mountain streams
And see the sights most people think
Could come but in their dreams.

Lakes, waterfalls and peaks
Follow in endless line.
Their memory is scarcely dimmed
By swiftly passing time.

The cold, the weariness forgot,
Come summer once again,
I'll try to see God's loveliness
Beyond the haunts of men.



Hike boots crunch through summer snow



Gloria Lake and Gloria Mountain

(E.P. Holmes)



Remember Packers Pass?

That Memorable Mid-Century Hike

by E. P. HOLMES

MEMBERS of the mid-century (1950) trail hike—the 19th annual get-together of the association—were a cosmopolitan crowd. Those comprising the hike came from many parts of the continent, while one claimed Kingston-on-Thames, England, as home. Twenty-four were Albertans, 13 from our Pacific coast, province, 14 from various states of the Union and four from Ontario.

They gathered together at Banff—that mile-high resort in the Canadian Rockies—on July 28th and were greeted by a leaden sky, presaging a gloomy prospect for the start of our adventure.



Hikers listen attentively as fellow member recites day's adventures at campfire sing-song.

Nor was next morning any better. It had rained heavily most of the night and was still coming down. To go or stay?—that was the \$64.00 question.

The forecast was for a break by noon, so at 10.00 a.m., when the rain let up some, a start was made. Two buses, fully loaded with more or less eager hikers, rumbled out of Banff for Canmore. There was still no break in sight and the rain was heavier than ever! At Canmore the buses left the highway to travel over the private road of the Calgary Power Co. leading over Whiteman Pass and on through the Spray Valley to the southern end of Spray Lake where the hike was to commence.

■ The farther they advanced the worse grew the storm. On the pass and throughout the Spray Valley a veritable blizzard howled covering mountain and forest with a blanket of heavy wet snow. At the upper end of the lake, one of the buses developed engine trouble which neces-

sitated communicating with Banff. Phone connection were made with Banff at Three Sisters camp and as road reports were not good it was decided to call off the attempt and return to Banff.

This proved a wise decision. It appeared that five inches of snow had fallen at our Bryant Creek Meadows campsite and a 10-mile hike under those conditions would have been nothing short of disastrous. So the trip was started the following morning—and under highly improved conditions.

Two unforeseen circumstances had lengthened our hike from the trailhead into camp. The lake

had risen much faster and higher than anticipated and cut off at least three miles of the proposed bus route. Then too the original campsite, selected the previous Fall, had to be abandoned on account of wet swampy ground and moved over two miles farther up the creek.

The scenery along the Spray Lake was wonderful. Our buses skirted the western shore of the lake whose eastern side was bounded by a series of peaks and ranges, towering over 9,000 ft. in elevation. The Spray River flowed in a northeasterly direction from the lake's southern tip between

Goat Range in the east and Turbulent Range in the west. Our buses took us to the point where the Spray River has been dammed to raise the lake's water to permit its draining at the northern end.

From the point of debarkation considerable clearing had been done and the hiking was good to the mouth of Bryant Creek. The trail along Bryant Creek was a bush path for the whole length of Mt. Turner whose northeastern rock wall forms the boundary of the valley. After passing Owl Creek, the path led up a rocky ridge jutting out from the Turbulent Range right across the valley, leaving barely room for the creek to pass.

From here there was a beautiful view of Mt. Assiniboine, up Marvel Lake gap. Beyond this ridge was an open grassy valley called Bryant Creek Meadows. Our camp was situated at the upper end of this valley between Gibraltar and Cascade Rocks, both being buttresses of Mt. Cautley on its eastern side.

The view from camp was entrancing. To the northwest three passes were visible—Assiniboine

between Cascade Rock and Cave Mountain leading to Mt. Assiniboine, Og Pass, between Mt. Cave and the Nasswald Range leading to Og Lake and the Valley of the Rocks, and Allenby Pass, leading to the headwaters of Brewster Creek.

To the east rose the 9,500-ft. Mts. Allenby and Mercer, and then the Turbulent Range, a solid mass of rock ending in Cone Mt. near the junction of Bryant Creek and the Spray. Looking back down the valley, we saw first the solid mass of Mt. Cautley, broken by the opening leading to Marvel Lake, and Wonder Pass over which Mt. Assiniboine is accessible.

Beyond this, the precipitous wall of Mt. Turner, several miles in length, rose—hundreds of feet of sheer rock. The peak of Mt. Turner, semi-circular in shape and facing the camp, gave us a good view of its snow patch which resembles a gigantic jack boot. Farther down and across the Spray rose three peaks—Mts. Shark, Smuts and Birdwood, the last over 10,000 ft., its tall slim cone, perfectly formed. The scene gave our camp a stupendous setting.

A camp's beautiful setting matters little without interesting objectives within good hiking distance. Our camp was well provided in this respect... three passes just as our doors, all easily accessible, and Marvel Lake and its companion lakes within an easy walk, and Wonder Pass at its upper end.

The company divided into two parties. One led by Sandy Somerville, headed west up Assiniboine Pass; the remainder under Guy Everett

and Lou Shulman, headed for Marvel Lake. The natural beauty of Assiniboine Pass was greatly marred by a disastrous fire 25 or 30 years ago, leaving a forest of dry stems and little new growth.

The pass itself, between Cascade Rock and Cave Mountain, was not a very strenuous climb, except for one or two short stretches. The view of Mt. Assiniboine from the summit was grand. To get the best views, however, it was necessary to partly descend the farther side of the pass. There, on rounding a shoulder, the view was breath-taking—Assiniboine and five accompanying peaks.

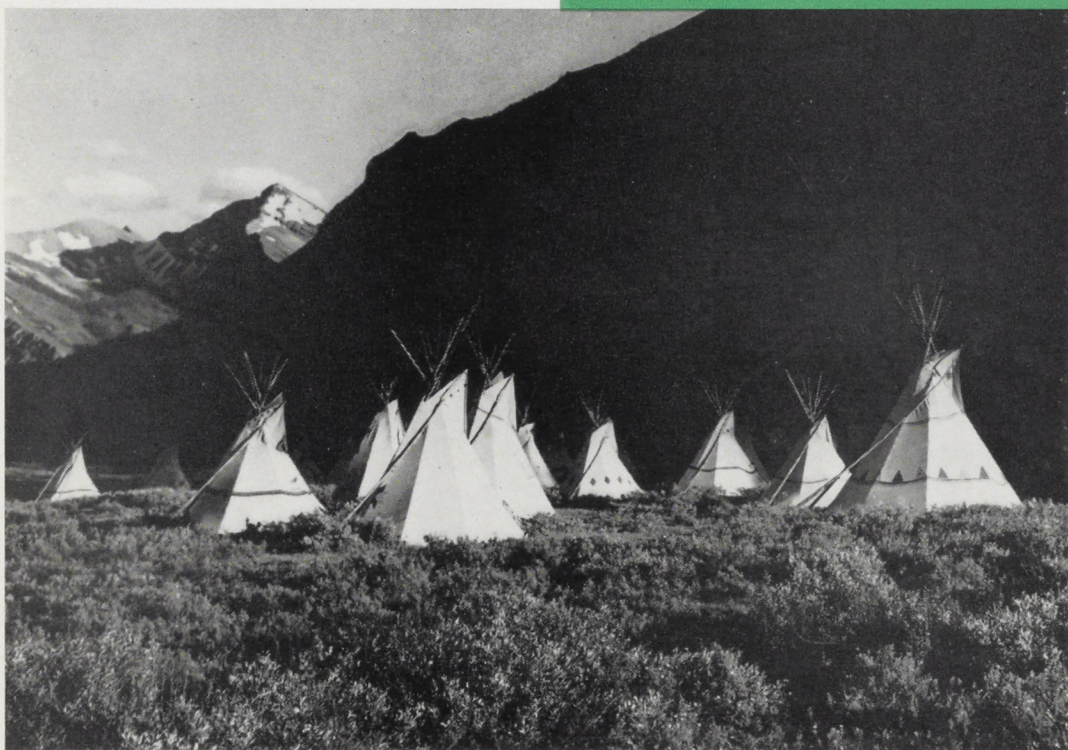
Most of Sandy's party continued on down the pass, paying a visit to Erling Strom's lodge. Instead of returning via Assiniboine Pass, they continued over Wonder Pass, returning to camp via Marvel Lake. This made a circle trip of 14 miles with two passes climbed en route. On this trip a number of mountain goats were seen.

The other party had a much easier day. They headed for Marvel Lake, a long narrow alpine lake lying between two high ridges, its color the bluest of blue. The path along its shore was a veritable flower garden, every variety of alpine flower appearing to flourish there, the Indian

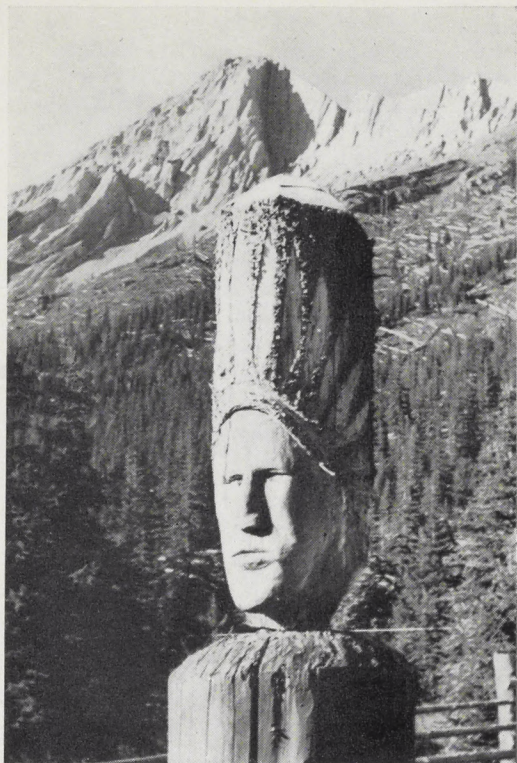
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* * *

Tepees show up white and distinct against black background of adjacent mountain. Last year's hikers will remember the scene: our campsite at Bryant Creek Meadows.



(F.W.E. Round)



● The sombre-faced Indian chief at left, carved from a log by Warden Jack Romanson, guards the corral at the latter's cabin on Bryant Creek Meadows. It is one of several striking examples of wood sculpture by Warden Romanson, photographed below on Wonder Pass.



(Photos by Sandy Somerville)

THAT MEMORABLE MID-CENTURY HIKE

(Continued from page 21)

paint brush being particularly large and prolific. Its color ranged from a pleasing red, through several shades of orange, to a delicate pink. The lake proved well stocked with fish and several of the party made good catches.

By climbing part way up Wonder Pass an entrancing view of Tarns Terrapin and Gloria, backed by Gloria Mountain, were obtained. These lakes were not blue like Marvel but displayed two different shades of green. Standing well up on Wonder Pass and surveying the scene on three points of the horizon, it was easy to realize how insignificant man is compared with the wonders of mountain, lake and forest.

For the latter days, the hikers broke into small parties, revisiting some of the more impressive points, as well as exploring Og Pass and Mt. Allenby following an animal trail part way up.

Camp was broken on Thursday morning. Low hanging clouds filled the valley and a gloomy day was predicted. Then the sun broke through, the clouds disappeared and spirits lifted. But true to the old adage "If clouds and mist lift early in the morning, they will return in the form of rain before evening" the skies again darkened. Soon after noon a heavy rain broke over the Turbulent Range and Spray Valley.

The last part of the hike was not so pleasant. However, a fire was soon set going and all were pretty well dried out by bus-time. The big surprise of the return trip was an invitation by the manager of the Calgary Power Company to a coffee-and-sandwich party at the Three Sisters Camp. This gracious gesture was deeply appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Taking it all in all, despite a poor start, we believe it was one of the best camps ever held—a real pleasant sociable group of hikers, a beautiful campsite, the best of good food, and four glorious days. We will not soon forget that 1950 hike.

The Skyline Trail

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Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.*

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned promptly. Address all communications to

GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer and Editor,
Skyline Trail Hikers,
Room 284, Windsor Station,
Montreal, Que.

BE A LIFE MEMBER!

Chances are you've hiked at least 50 miles over those good old Rocky trails. If so, you're eligible for life membership in the Skyline Trail Hikers organization.

There's no catch—unless you consider paying \$10.00 a catch. That little ten-spot, however, goes a long way, absolving as it does the life member from all subsequent payment of annual dues.

And as an added attraction, for the additional payment of \$1.00, you receive a handsome life membership certificate suitable for framing. The certificate is surmounted by a Palenske etching depicting a typical hike scene.

Further information can be obtained from the secretary-treasurer.



This picturesque campsite, reflected in the waters of its adjacent tarn, served as our headquarters back in 1948. The place was Citadel Pass, in the heart of idyllic trail country, most of it well above timberline.

(Sandy Somerville)

UP GOES THE PRESIDENT'S TEPEE



GRAND-DADDY of them all, the president's tepee doesn't slip over its poles with the ease of its smaller counterparts—not without coaxing anyhow. A carefully studied plan of operation, involving a sizeable and ingenious building staff is essential to raising the "Big Top" which can comfortably house up to 10 hikers. It will be noted from the photo that a certain knowledge of gymnastics can also be helpful in the operation.

The colorfully decorated tepee walls represent the artwork of Stoney Indians who have a large reserve at Morley, some 40 miles east of Banff.

● I was constantly afraid that I would finally reach some point where further descent would be impossible and where I would have to retrace my way upward or be forced into a traverse. A good course in rock climbing would have been a handy tool at this juncture—also a rope belayed by a competent helper.

ALARM ON GIBRALTAR PEAK

(Continued from page 13)

had used the ax for the first time only two weeks ago but I had become very fond of it as it had proved so useful in the Lake Louise passes and on Athabasca Glacier. It had been a third hand and foot. It had given me a great sense of security.

During the 15 minute rest I took on the ledge—from 1:45 to 2:00 p.m.—my mental metamorphoses would have furnished a field day for a psychologist. First fear, almost terror. Then an effort to get myself in hand as I considered the alternatives for solving my problem. The firm determination that I would not descend the chimneys. The gradual acceptance of the fact that that was the only solution. The saying to myself, "Even if you move only a foot every few minutes, you will still be getting down, which is better than sitting up here." Wondering whether I should face outward to descend the chimneys or, so to speak, turn my back on the danger and descend facing inward.

Then at exactly 2:00 p.m. I eased myself slowly into the chimney holding on tightly with one hand bracing the ice ax in front of me as a brake. I sat down facing outward, not daring to look down. A slip would have meant a drop of several hundred feet for the first bounce. Yet after a minute or two it didn't seem so bad. Underneath my seat was firm rock. The point of the ax was wedged firmly between two stones further down. I slowly raised myself, slid my hand along the sharp edge of the chute and sat down again. Now I was at least a foot lower than before. I remembered the fable about the pendulum, how discouraged he had been at the millions of swings he would have to make in a lifetime and how he was told that he had to make only one swing at a time. Another try, another cautious three point landing. This wasn't so bad. I looked upward. Undoubtedly I had come down a few feet.

With each such move, courage slowly oozed back and by the time I reached the bottom of the chimney I had enough of it to cope with the horizontal traverse to the next chimney. "Easy does it", I said, an old refrain with me on solo trips. At one point the going was so steep that I was forced to descend facing inward.

Not once during the descent of the chimney did I think of looking at my watch to see how long it was taking. It may have been 40 minutes; perhaps it was much longer.

After reaching the bottom of the last chimney I looked upward in disbelief at what had been

accomplished. For some reason I did not again find the goat path. I suspect that in my last traverse I had not moved far enough to the right to reach it. So I continued downward, sliding and scrambling over places, which, in the morning nothing would have induced me to venture over. But after the chimneys nothing else seemed hazardous any longer.

Bryant Creek seemed just as far below as ever. I perversely continued the precipitous descent when, had I made a horizontal traverse of about an eighth of a mile around a shoulder, I might have intercepted the path. I was constantly afraid that I would finally reach some point where further descent would be impossible and where I would have to retrace my way upward again or be forced into a traverse. A good course in rock climbing would have been a handy tool at this juncture, also a rope belayed by a competent helper. But then I knew nothing about rock climbing and ropes and helpers were far away.

The descent to timber line took two hours—when I looked up at ledges and shoulders which I had so recently come over, mostly while sitting down, it seemed impossible to believe that there were sufficient holds for hands and feet to hang on to. But rock seemingly inaccessible from a quarter mile away reveals plenty of holds from nearby.

Almost at the last, only about 300 feet above timber line, I came to a difficult place which only my heavily cleated shoes and the ice ax enabled me to negotiate. I had to make a short jump over wet rock where slipping might have been serious, but everything went well.

I do not recall when a clump of grass and moss were as welcome as they were this time when I finally reached that bit of green which had seemed so tantalizingly close from higher up but which had proved so hard to reach. I soon found a trail which brought me through the pines and out to camp. At 4:30 p.m. my adventure was over.

Next day as we left the camp behind us, I frequently looked up at Gibraltar Peak and tried to spot the ledge at the top of the last chimney. I identified it by a familiar snow patch nearby. With every step, however, the mountain became more remote and soon a turn in the trail hid Gibraltar altogether.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of—and now from 2,600 miles away my Gibraltar adventure seems almost as tenuous as a dream. But what a grim reality there could have been had not a Divine Hand guided me downward safely.

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Whyte, Peter, Banff, Alta.
Whyte, Mrs. Peter, Banff, Alta.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

Adams, Miss Ida B., Vernon, B.C.
Adams, Miss Nellie V., Atlantic Beach, Fla.
Adams, Mrs. W. H., Atlantic Beach, Fla.
Adelson, Miss E., Punxsutawney, Pa.
Adelson, Miss J., Kingston-on-Thames, England.
Aemmer, Rudolf, Lake Louise, Alta.
Aldrich, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.
Alexander, John, Montreal, Que.
Allen, Mrs. O. F., Miami, Florida
Allen, W. L., Marion, Montana
Angus, J. A., Banff, Alta.
Armbrister, Fred., Nassau, Bahamas
Arnold, Will, Saskatoon, Sask.
Arnott, F.M., Ocean Falls, B.C.
Attwood, Miss M., Calgary, Alta.
Bain, A. D., Lake Louise, Alta.
Bales, Miss Vivian, Victoria, B.C.
Barnes, Miss Lois, Calgary, Alta.
Baron, David, St. Louis, Mo.
Baron, Mrs. David, St. Louis, Mo.
Baron, Mrs. C., St. Louis, Mo.
Baron, Mr. H., St. Louis, Mo.
Baron, Mr. M., St. Louis, Mo.
Barret, Miss Dorothy, Chicago, Ill.
Bateson, J. N., Calgary, Alta.
Beiler, A.H., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Bell, Mrs. Sue, Calgary, Alta.
Bell, Miss Berry C., Ocean City, N.J.
Bequette, W. C., Pendleton, Ore.
Bequette, Mrs. W. C., Pendleton, Ore.
Berger, Miss Ruth E., Chicago, Ill.
Berkley, G. St. L., Karachi, India
Berkley, Mrs. G. St. L., Karachi, India
Beveridge, Miss M., Victoria, B.C.
Bilton, Miss Irene, Calgary, Alta.
Blackley, A. W., Calgary, Alta.
Blackley, Mrs. A. W., Calgary, Alta.
Blakeslee, Harold L., New Haven, Conn.
Blair, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.
Blume, Miss Idella, San Francisco, Cal.
Boddington, Mrs. A. B., Oakville, Ont.
Bodkin, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
Bonar, J. C., Montreal, Que.
Booz, Miss Elisabeth, Washington, Pa.
Boyd, Miss Evelyn, Picton, Ont.
Bowman, Miss B.J., Calgary, Alta.
Bradley, John, Peoria, Ill.
Brewster, Mrs. James I., Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Mrs. Pat., Banff, Alta.
Brodnitz, Dr. Otto W., New York, N.Y.
Buck, Robert L., Evanston, Ill.
Brown, Miss Sheila, Trail, B.C.
Calhoun, Miss Joyce, Vancouver, B.C.
Campbell, Miss E., Calgary, Alta.
Cannell, Mrs. Rita G., Phoenix, Ariz.
Cape, Miss Winnie, Calgary, Alta.
Carley, Mrs. Cecil, Battleford, Sask.
Carrillo, Nestor, Havana, Cuba.
Carrillo, Mrs. Nestor, Havana, Cuba.
Carscallen, A. N., Calgary, Alta.
Carter, Wilf., Calgary, Alta.
Chanter, F.H.W., Nelson, B.C.
Chink, Mrs. K. G., Edmonton, Alta.
Clare, Miss Ainlay, Calgary, Alta.
Clark, Miss Anne Janet, Baltimore, Md.
Clegg, Miss Mabel, Hamilton, Ont.
Coe, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.
Coleman, H. T., Montreal, Que.
Coleman, John Travers, Montreal, Que.
Collyer, Miss Isabel, Hamilton, Ont.
Corey, B.H., Calgary, Alta.
Cornell, Grace Jean, Victoria, B.C.
Cottle, R. D., Edmonton, Alta.
Cottle, W. H., Edmonton, Alta.
Coubrough, Miss R. F., Winnipeg, Man.
Coults, S.G., Edmonton, Alta.
Coults, Mrs. S.G., Edmonton, Alta.
Coyer, Mrs. S. J., Wilmette, Ill.
Cran, Miss Anna, Winnipeg, Man.
Crawford, A. E., Prince Rupert, B.C.
Cromwell, Mrs. Eaton, New York, N.Y.
Crosby, L.S., Banff, Alta.
Currie, Mrs. Lyle, Field, B.C.

Darker, Miss I., Calgary, Alta.
Davidson, Miss E. R., Chicago, Ill.
Davies, Miss Mary, Calgary, Alta.
Davidson, Miss Jean, Edmonton, Alta.
Dawson, Miss S., Nelson, B.C.
Deal, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.
De Lacy, Miss Beatrice, Portland, Ore.
Diverty, Marshall H., Woodbury, N.J.
Dobbin, Mrs. J. L., Westbank, B.C.
Doeller, Miss E., Dayton, O.
Doeller, G.A., Dayton, O.
Doeller, Mrs. G.A., Dayton, O.
Douglas, D. J., Edmonton, Alta.
Dowler, H. O., Leader, Sask.
Drews, Edward, Stillwater, Minn.
Drummond, Miss Warda, Montreal, Que.
Dunn, Miss Doreen, Edmonton, Alta.
Edgcomb, E.R., Philadelphia, Pa.
Edgcomb, Mrs. E.R., Philadelphia, Pa.
Erminger, Miss Bertha, Chicago, Ill.
Erminger, Mrs. H. B., Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Etter, Miss Enid, Nelson, B.C.
Elvin, Miss Ruby, Trail, B.C.
Erickson, G., Los Angeles, Cal.
Erickson, Mrs. G., Los Angeles, Cal.
Everett, Dr. Guy, M., Chicago, Ill.
Fallis, Miss Annie M., Lethbridge, Alta.
Farman, Miss Jeanette, Calgary, Alta.
Fawdry, Miss Marion, Calgary, Alta.
Ferguson, Miss J. F., Calgary, Alta.
Ferguson, Bruce, Edmonton, Alta.
Feuz, Ernest, Lake Louise, Alta.
Fife, Miss Margaret, New York, N.Y.
Fingland, Miss B. E., Moose Jaw, Sask.
Fisher, Donald, Montreal, Que.
Fisher, George, Canmore, Alta.
Fitch, Miss Jean, Vancouver, B.C.
Fleming, Miss Margaret, Winnipeg, Man.
Forbes, Miss Joan, Shawigan, B.C.
Forman, Miss John, Litchfield, Conn.
Forman, John, Litchfield, Conn.
Fraser, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.
Frost, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.
Fulker, Miss E., Calgary, Alta.
Fullbrook, Mrs. Anne, Banff, Alta.
Fuller, Lawrence, Banff, Alta.
Fuller, Mrs. Lawrence, Banff, Alta.
Fuglestad, Miss H., Richmond Hill N.Y.
Gabor, Des, New York, N.Y.
Galbraith, Miss Jean, Lethbridge, Alta.
Gale, Henry L., Vancouver, B.C.
Gallagher, J.P., Calgary, Alta.
Garbutt, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.
Garbutt, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.
Gardner, Miss L. M., Edmonton, Alta.
Garfield, Miss Lillian, Calgary, Alta.
Gemmell, Miss M. F., Brandon, Man.
Genge, Miss Connie E., Nelson, B.C.
Gest, Miss Lillian, Merion, Pa.
Gilbert, Miss Viola, Troy, N.Y.
Giffard, Miss Ann, Shawigan, B.C.
Gillespie, G. F., Montreal, Que.
Gillespie, Dr. A. T., Fort William, Ont.
Goldsmith, Miss Faith, Los Angeles, Cal.
Good, H. E., Nanaimo, B.C.
Gordon, Mrs. Whonock, B.C.
Gordon, Miss Margot, Whonock, B.C.
Gordon, Miss M., Calgary, Alta.
Gourley, Mrs. B., Banff, Alta.
Gow, Dr. Robert, Banff, Alta.
Gowans, Miss Marjorie, Montreal, Que.
Gowler, Miss Margaret, Toronto, Ont.
Graham, Miss Bess F., Alton, Ill.
Graves, S. Lake O'Hara, B.C.
Green, Miss Annie, Vancouver, B.C.
Gustafsson, Miss Anna, San Francisco, Cal.
Green, H. A. V., Winnipeg, Man.
Guzy, Charles, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Guzy, Mrs. Charles, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Guzy, Miss Sylvia, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Godfrey, Miss Marilyn, Wenonah, N.J.
Gordon, Miss Meta, Calgary, Alta.
Hains, Douglas, Montreal, Que.
Hall, Edward, Jr., Fitchburg, Mass.
Hamilton, Mrs. B., Golden, B.C.
Hamilton, Miss Nancy, Calgary, Alta.

Hanley, Miss Olive, Chicago, Ill.
Harkin, J. B., Ottawa, Ont.
Harper, Miss Jane V., Chicago, Ill.
Heideman, Charles, Chicago, Ill.
Helliwell, Miss Norah, Winnipeg, Man.
Helmsley, Miss M., Turner Valley, Alta.
Hendrie, Miss M. P., Calgary, Alta.
Holliday, Miss Vera, Nelson, B.C.
Hopkins, Eric, Edmonton, Alta.
Hinder, Miss Hilda F., Victoria, B.C.
Hinman, Miss Caroline, Summit, N.J.
Hoff, John Barbey, Reading, Pa.
Hodgson, E., Calgary, Alta.
Holmes, Miss Clara, Winnipeg, Man.
Holmes, E. P., Calgary, Alta.
Holland, Leonard, Vancouver, B.C.
Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore Md.
Hopkins, Eric, Crossfield, Alta.
Horsley, G. F., Field, B.C.
Howard, H. E., Calgary, Alta.
Howard, P. M., Calgary, Alta.
Howard, Mrs. P. M., Calgary, Alta.
Hrubesh, Miss Helen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Hudson, Miss Jessie, Tranquille, B.C.
Hull, Norman, Montreal, Que.
Hughes, Miss Mary E., Calgary, Alta.
Hunt, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.
Hunter, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.
Hutchings, Miss Edith I., Brandon, Man.
Hutchings, Miss M. I., Brandon, Man.
Inglis, Miss Joan, Calgary, Alta.
Irvine, Mrs. L.D., Calgary, Alta.
Jennings, Major P. J., Banff, Alta.
Jensen, T. C., Standard, Alta.
Jensen, Miss Standard, Alta.
Jones, C. A., London, England
Jones, Miss Irene P., Trail, B.C.
Keith, Miss Mary, Edmonton, Alta.
Kelly, A. R., Haney, B.C.
Kelly, W. M., Calgary, Alta.
Kenyon, Miss Grace, Chicago, Ill.
Kidd, Miss Effie, Calgary, Alta.
Kippen, Miss Evelyn, Calgary, Alta.
Kirkland, Wallace, Chicago, Ill.
Koenig, Miss Elizabeth, Chicago, Ill.
Koontz, Mrs. A. G., Ottumwa, Iowa.
Kuster, R. R., Maywood, Ill.
Kuster, Mrs. R. R., Maywood, Ill.
Kuster, Miss Mary Alyce, Maywood, Ill.
Laidlaw, F. L., Vancouver, B.C.
Lark-Horowitz, Dr. K., Lafayette, Indiana.
Lamar, E. P., Calgary, Alta.
Lamar, Mrs. E. P., Calgary, Alta.
Lamont, Miss May, Calgary, Alta.
Larson, Miss Inez E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lauer, Miss Edith, Baltimore Md.
Lavell, Miss M. F., Calgary, Alta.
Leacock, Leonard, Calgary, Alta.
LeBlond, Miss Neva, Pendleton, Ore.
Leif, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.
Leifson, Mrs. Einar, Vermillion S.D.
Lensing, Miss Genevieve, Cleveland, O.
Leviton, Dr. E., Glencoe, Ill.
Leviton, Dr. D., Glencoe, Ill.
Lipin, Miss Edith, Chicago, Ill.
Lockhart, Miss Araby, Montreal, Que.
Lore, Miss Mary, Calgary, Alta.
Louden, R.D., Calgary, Alta.
Lovell, Chas. J., Oak Lawn, Ill.
Lovell, Mrs. Chas. J., Oak Lawn, Ill.
Lloyd, Miss Elsie, Calgary, Alta.
Lum, Dr. Frederick H., Jr., Chatham, N.J.
Lum, Mrs. Frederick N., Jr., Chatham, N.J.
MacCarthy, A. H., Annapolis, Md.
MacDonald, Mrs. J. Hembroff, Wpg., Man.
MacDonald, Jack, Winnipeg, Man.
MacDougall, Kent, Glencoe, Ill.
Macdonald, Miss Kay, Edmonton, Alta.
MacFarland, Mrs. D. C., Woodbury, N.J.
MacFarlane, Margaret E., Saskatoon, Sask.
MacKenzie, Mrs. N., Vancouver, B.C.
MacKenzie, Miss Susie, Vancouver, B.C.
MacNichol, Mrs. Bob, Calgary, Alta.
Mapplebeck, Mrs. Eva, Black Diamond, Alta.
Martin, Mrs. David J., Vancouver, B.C.

MEMBERSHIP LIST — (Continued)

- Martin, David J., Vancouver, B.C.
 Martin, G. C., Vancouver, B.C.
 Martin, Miss Irene, Cicero, Ill.
 Martin, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
 Martin, Miss Millicent, Winnipeg, Man.
 Mathews, F. T., Calgary, Alta.
 Mathewson, Miss Hope, New York, N.Y.
 Mather, Miss Joan, Calgary, Alta.
 Maunsell, Miss Frances, Montreal, Que.
 Maunsell, J. Q., Montreal, Que.
 Maxwell, Miss Clara, New Westminster, B.C.
 Mayor, Miss S. W., Calgary, Alta.
 Mawhinney, Miss Grace, Calgary, Alta.
 McCaffrey, Miss Emily, Russell, Ont.
 McCowan, Miss Helen, Brandon, Man.
 McCowan, Miss Mamie, Brandon, Man.
 McDougall, Miss Anne, Brandon, Man.
 McEvoy, Mrs. Ruth, Detroit, Mich.
 McFarlane, Miss Jean, Calgary, Alta.
 McIntosh, Miss Angela, Breynat, Alta.
 McKeown, Miss Muriel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 McMurtry, Miss Eleanor, Calgary, Alta.
 Measurall, David W., West Chester, Penna.
 Measurall, Mrs. David W., West Chester, Penna.
 Merkt, Oswald E. D., Naugatuck, Conn.
 Miller, Miss Mary, Burford, Ont.
 Mills, Mrs. J. S., Saskatoon, Sask.
 Mitchell, Mr. B., Woodbury, N.J.
 Moodie, Miss Marcella, Kelowna, B.C.
 Moon, Miss Mary, Calgary, Alta.
 Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.
 Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.
 Moore, Miss I. Diana, London, England
 Moore, R. O., London, England
 Morant, Nicholas, Montreal, Que.
 Morant, Mrs. Nicholas, Montreal, Que.
 Morris, Mrs. A. H., Vancouver, B.C.
 Morton, Mrs. J. R., Washington, D.C.
 Mulvey, J. C., Tacoma, Wash.
 Nelson, Henty, New York, N.Y.
 Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.
 Nichols, Graham, Montreal, Que.
 Nicholls, Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Nicholls, Mrs. Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Niven, Miss Bunty, Calgary, Alta.
 Niven, Mrs. F., London, Eng.
 Noble, Miss Ella, Calgary, Alta.
 North, Mrs. E. C., Summit, N.J.
 O'Brien, W. J., East Orange, N.J.
 Oggesen, Miss Mabel L., Buffalo, N.Y.
 Oliver, Mrs. Lorna, New York, N.Y.
 Omohundro, Mrs. H. P., Scottsville, Va.
 Packhan, Miss Mabel, Calgary, Alta.
 Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Palenske, R. H., Woodstock, Ill.
 Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.
 Palmer, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Park, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.
 Paterson, Mrs. Joan, Calgary, Alta.
 Patterson, Miss Audrey, Edmonton, Alta.
 Patton, Miss Barbara, Dallas, Tex.
 Payne, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Payne, Mrs. John, Calgary, Alta.
 Peck, Miss G., Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.
 Pedlar, Mrs. Fred, Olds, Alta.
 Phillips, Mrs. W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Phillips, W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Plommer, Miss Connie, Vancouver, B.C.
 Plommer, J. J., Vancouver, B.C.
 Porter, Miss Eva, Calgary, Alta.
 Preston, Mrs. Carvel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Pritchards, Miss K., Nelson, B.C.
 Prybylowski, Miss Florence, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Quehl, Mrs. E. B., Battleford, Sask.
 Ramsay, Miss Helen, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Rawlings, Miss Pat, Seebe, Alta.
 Rea, Dr. George, Saskatoon, Sask.
 Read, Walter T., Regina, Sask.
 Redfern, Miss Edna, Calgary, Alta.
 Reesor, Miss Marion, Brandon, Man.
 Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
 Reid, Miss Ruth, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rice, Wallace H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Richards, C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Richards, Mrs. C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Riddoch, Miss Beth, Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Miss Pat, Calgary, Alta.
 Ritchie, Miss Peggy, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Roberts, Ian, Montreal, Que.
 Roberts, Tom, Montreal, Que.
 Robinson, Miss L., Calgary, Alta.
 Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, England
 Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.
 Round, F. W. E., Banff, Alta.
 Rourke, Miss Shirley, Calgary, Alta.
 Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.
 Russell, Capt. E. N., Victoria, B.C.
 Sablin, Mrs. Helen, Winfield, Alta.
 Sampson, H. E., Regina, Sask.
 Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.
 Sanson, N. B., Banff, Alta.
 Sanger, Miss Gladys, New York, N.Y.
 Sayers, Miss J. Molly, London, England
 Scott, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.
 Sherwood, Dr. T. K., Boston, Mass.
 Shulman, L. W., Calgary, Alta.
 Segal, Sol, Chicago, Ill.
 Sieburth, Miss Louise, Vancouver, B.C.
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
 Silverman, Miss R., Chicago, Ill.
 Slane, Henry, Peoria, Ill.
 Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.
 Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.
 Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.
 Somerville, Ian C., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Somerville, Mrs. I., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Spalding, Miss K., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Dr. Tom, Winnipeg, Man.
 Speakman, Miss Gena M., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Miss M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Steeves, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
 Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stewart, Miss Jean, Fort William, Ont.
 Stratton, Robert, Woodbury, N.J.
 Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.
 Struthers, Miss Betsy, Calgary, Alta.
 Sutherland, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.
 Swartz, Mrs. Ira, Kelowna, B.C.
 Thal-Larsen, Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thal-Larsen, Mrs. Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thelen, Miss Mary F., Virginia.
 Thomas, Miss D. M., Malvern, England
 Tilem, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Trotter, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.
 Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.
 Turner, Miss Dorothy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tye, Miss Madeline, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Sydney R., Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. S. R., Calgary, Alta.
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Vey, Miss Margaret, Tranquille, B. C.
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.
 Wagner, Miss Edith, Picton, Ont.
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.
 Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.
 Walker, Major W. J., Selby, Calgary, Alta.
 Ward, J. D., Bronxville, N.Y.
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.
 Watson, Miss Doris, Lethbridge, Alta.
 Wayne, Miss Eileen, Calgary, Alta.
 Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Alta.
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.
 Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.
 Wheeler, Brig. Sir Edward O., M.C., Banff, Alta.
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Banff, Alta.
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.
 Wilder, Miss Emma L., La Crosse, Wis.
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.
 Wilson, Miss Leonore, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.
 Wortman, Mrs. Margaret, Enderby, B.C.
 Wright, Miss Gwen, Vancouver, B.C.
 Wurzbürger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wurzbürger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wurstenberger, F. L., Turner Valley, Alta.
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.
 Wylie, Miss Bessie, Calgary, Alta.
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Yauch, C. E., Olds, Alta.
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.



Alpine meadow near Banff